

A good nights sleep

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A good nights sleep

by [Nalyra](#)

Summary

Written for the birthday challenge for @idontfindyouthatinteresting on Tumblr, this is a missing scene for "Sorbet":

New Content after Hannibal has been seeing Bedelia, and before Will misses an appointment for the first time.

#Happy4thBirthdayHannibal

Hannibal's and Will's conversation leads to a relaxed atmosphere and the next step in the game.

Original Dialogue.

Notes

See the end of the work for [notes](#)

Will steps into the by now familiar office, the familiar scent of old books and leather and some kind of charcoal dust, probably from the drawings in the back mixing with something sweeter, slightly tart, tickling Will's nose. He inhales deeply, feeling vaguely offset that even - he- can smell the drink that has been had, adding to the unease left over from the day and the case, the memory of warm flesh in his hand, even if only imagined sticky on his skin. He is aware of being slightly rude and yet he does not care, or not too much, settling into -his- seat.

„Have you been drinking?“

Hannibal is very much relaxed and Will wonders for a moment how much he had indeed be drinking, no glasses or bottles visible though.

„I had a glass of wine with my last appointment.“

Unapologetic tone, with a note of amusement in it, and a level of reassurance that Will envies him for, overlaying the slight peeved feeling, impossible to suppress.

„You drank with a patient?“

Stark amusement now, an almost playful rebuke by Hannibal, equal parts grounding and infuriating. Will tries to shake the deep-settled annoyance, probably based in the restlessness he experienced these last few weeks that he has worked in the field again. Hannibal's voice is ringing out, sure of his own space, eyes sparkling from across.

„She drank with a patient. I have an unconventional psychiatrist.“

He almost laughs out loud, opting for the familiar and more safe grounds of sarcasm instead.

„We have -that- in common.“

Something flashes in the dark eyes, something that Will definitely does not want to analyze, especially not now, his mind overwrought already.

„Am I your psychiatrist or are we simply having conversations?“

Will thinks about snorting as an answer for a moment but opts for the safer, still rather sarcastic approach again, feeling too tired for anything upsetting, though he cannot help but infuse the answer with amusement, a small smile twitching on his lips.

„Yes, I think is the answer to that.“

„Then having a glass of wine before seeing a patient, I assure you, is very conventional. Particularly for evening appointments.“

Hannibal smirks slightly and then gets up, stepping over to the big armoire, retrieving the bottle of wine and two glasses, obviously having prepared it beforehand. Will is sure he should be annoyed about that but cannot bring himself to care too much, suddenly yearning for a sip of something cool and alcoholic.

„How long have you been seeing a psychiatrist?“

A weirdly elegant sense of a shrug, though Will cannot quite define why it only seems so, Hannibal's still thoroughly relaxed voice drawing Will back up from his musings.

„Since I chose to be a psychiatrist.“

Will accepts the offered glass, feeling minutely more relaxed already, swirling the wine around a bit and taking a sip, needing it suddenly, his eyes wandering around. The liquid runs like a soothing trickle of divine nectar down his tongue, echoing the tart and sweet taste already in the air.

Hannibal draws him in again, changing the subject, his tone unapologetic again but slightly reluctant, as if speaking of his psychiatrist was a source of amusement, for him alone.

„I read the Freddie Lounds article. The Chesapeake Ripper has struck again.“

Will pulls a face, getting up, nervous energy forcing him out of his seat, despite the pure exhaustion pulling at his soul. He hurls the words back, rebuking instantly.

„It's not the same guy.“

Hannibal acquiesces immediately, taking the cue.

„Maybe it was never the same guy.“

Will cackles at that, harsh amusement at the direction this is taking, conversely feeling ever more alone, the hand in his pocket pulled into a fist.

„What, now -he- has a friend?“

A miniature pause, and Will curses himself for giving his -psychiatrist- for heavens sake such an easily reachable point of attack. To his slight surprise Hannibal does not actually use the admission against him and Will wonders for a moment, before his mind turns to the actual meaning of the words.

„Any variations that might suggest that there was more than one killer?“

Enough to be of consequence to no one but himself. He does not say it though, his answer clipped.

„Some variations.“

Hannibal takes a sip of his own wine, savoring the taste, his words considering, thoughtful, leaning towards Will, seemingly eager for his thoughts. Prompting.

„The victims were all brutalized. What was the brutalization hiding?“

Will sneers minutely, repeating the words of the report, so clinical and neutral, understated and downright -unfitting-, considering the way the crimes were committed.

„The careful, surgical removal and preservation of vital organs.“

Hannibal tilts his head, his hands gesturing in a slightly inviting way, offering insight.

„Valuable organs.“

Will narrows his eyes, slightly stumped and irritated, though he does not quite know why he is.

„Organ harvesters?“

Hannibal leans back, something in his face looking a bit smug and Will frowns slightly, trying to hold onto this feeling, distracted again by Hannibal's words.

„Jack Crawford's looking for a serial killer he can't seem to catch. It's a brilliant diversion.“

Repulsion. Will can feel it on his tongue, unsure if the feeling is directed at himself for not properly considering this or something else, nagging slightly at the back of his mind. He sighs and snorts softly, wanting this discussion to be over suddenly, his throat parched, tone utterly sarcastic.

„Now there's a theory... I'll keep it in mind if another body drops.“

Hannibal folds his hands, watching Will with warm eyes, watching as Will takes another sip. Content.

„Please do.“

Will turns away and then drains the glass, the taste a bit too sweet for his tastes but soothing right now. He starts when Hannibal gets up and walks over to him, quietly, refilling Will's glass, equally quietly. A small pause as they both drink in silence, and then Hannibal breaks it gently, hovering behind Will, just out of reach.

„Is it Jack who has you so unsettled?“

Will starts a bit with the direct question, slowly rolling his shoulders and neck, eyebrows raising.

„Well, it's not helping that Jack wishes to kill the Ripper himself, that's for sure.“

Will can see the slight smirk on Hannibal's lips in the reflection of the window, both curtains pulled aside for the stars to be visible to them.

„Does he, now...“

Amusement coming off of Hannibal in waves, and Will wonders for a moment at the intense relaxation tonight. He sighs and then chuckles slightly, shaking his head at himself.

„Ahh, I wish you could give me some of your relaxation. It must be nice to not always feel on edge.“

Hannibal tilts his head and Will pretends to not watch his reflection, like a ghost overlaying his own.

„Have you been having trouble sleeping, Will?“

Will snorts, shrugging lightly.

„No more than usual.“

Another tilt of that head and then Hannibal steps near, watches as Will drains his second glass.

„And yet in dire need of it, or so it seems. As your Doctor, I will not accept a refusal, Will, you will stay in one of my guest rooms.“

Will mouth drops open, whirling around, his hand coming up to wave around in the air.

„Wha..? No, no, no, no, no, Hannibal, I need to go home.“

Hannibal raises his eyebrows slightly, tone still vaguely amused.

„You have fed and walked your dogs before you came here, have you not? Well, then you will return early tomorrow, since you need to go and teach in Quantico tomorrow around noon after all, am I correct?“

Will works his jaw for a moment, the muscles in his cheek jumping. He swirls the last drops around in the glass for a long moment, a clock chiming softly in the background, announcing the full hour and it seems to strike down his walls with the gong, beat by beat, yearning for peace, even if only gleaned. He succumbs finally, clicking his tongue, tone picking up some amusement on his own.

„You are. But only if you have more of -this-.“

He toasts Hannibal lightly with the glass and Hannibal does something that Will would have categorized as a wink in another life and defines as a twitch of his eye now, taking the empty glass out of Will's hand.

„Of course.“

He turns away slightly, hesitating, something calculating crossing over his features and Will frowns, eyes searching Hannibal's as he locks their gazes again after a moment.

„We will take a cab to my house, later, then. I am afraid I only have this particular wine here now, and it is always bad taste to mix the flavors.“

Will stops himself from rolling his eyes but shrugs slightly, tone a bit gruff.

„Guess we can just keep talking then... not overly relaxing though.“

Hannibal regards him with another calculating look before he looks away, suddenly purposeful. He steps over to the cabinet, retrieving another bottle, opening it there, fingers tracing down the wood in consideration, smirking slightly.

„You could always take the couch, Will.“

This time Will snorts fully, turning towards the stars again, snickering still when he retrieves another full glass, the taste definitely growing on him. He shakes his head, flashing a smile.

„No I could not.“

Hannibal smirks at him and then lightly toast him with his own still half full glass and Will raises his own, frowning when he sees something in the liquid.

„Oh, there seems something in there ...“

He looks down at it, waving off Hannibal's motion of helping him, uninterested to make a fuzz out of it.

„No, don't worry, it seems to be just a bit of cork from the stopper...“

He drags it out with the tip of his finger and wipes the little morsel off on a napkin, Hannibal watching with dark eyes and Will wonders for a moment if it is the act of putting his finger in the wine or the way he ignored Hannibal just now that has him so silent. Will shrugs lightly and then grins at Hannibal, taking a deep swallow of the wine. Hannibal smiles at him and then follows suit and Will inhales deeply, drifting over to the sketches on the back table after a moment, gazing at the beautiful drawings.

An easy lightness descends on and between them, Will relaxing in increments, the sketches drawing him in, vibrant and detailed, coming to life easily in his mind. He inhales deeply and then sighs, feeling Hannibal come up behind him after a moment, watching him closely. Will smirks wryly, feeling relaxed enough to tease, taking another sip.

„Anything interesting to be gleaned watching me gaze at your drawings?“

He turns his head slightly to look at Hannibal's profile, watching the sharp and intense look diffuse into geniality, the sharklike intent gone in an instant, tickling Will's instincts and then a blink and the thought vanishes from Will's mind again, replaced by ever increasing tiredness. Hannibal clicks his tongue, shrugging slightly, looking smug.

„I like looking at the people experiencing my drawings.“

Will hums, his finger pushing the papers apart carefully.

„Mhhh, experiencing. Did you experience all of these motifs?“

He pushes the papers fully apart, revealing the nude forms of a male and a female act. He shoots a look at Hannibal, waiting, taking another sip. Hannibal narrows his eyes, leaning close for a moment.

„Maybe.“

Hannibal chuckles and Will chimes in, feeling a bit out of body. He inhales deeply, eyes flitting around the room, the words forming themselves, a part of Will wondering at himself, bypassing his restraints so easily.

„Will you help me sleep tonight?“

The sharklike quality reappears on Hannibal's features for a moment and Will starts to shake his head in instant retreat but Hannibal steps forward, his hand on Will's upper arm grounding and squeezing softly.

„It will be my honor.“

Will closes his mouth and grins grimly, frowning slightly, trying to catch his own sluggish thoughts, somewhat unsettled suddenly.

„I don't know where that came from, I'm just...“

Hannibal shakes his head, his face very close, intent.

„It is your exhaustion, begging for relief. This job Jack Crawford has you doing is taking its toll, Will. Let me help you recharge your batteries, so to speak.“

He squeezes again and then pushes his hand up, clasping Will's shoulder lightly, pressing gently into direction of the chairs. Will hesitates and then follows the direction, resettling into his chair with a sigh. He drains his glass, watching Hannibal step up to the cabinet again, pulling out a big bag. Hannibal pulls out a syringe and Will's eyes droop, the alcohol making his senses sluggish apparently. He huffs a laugh and then snorts slightly, putting the glass away with the utmost care, his voice dry.

„Guess this wine hits harder than the whiskey I'm used to.“

Hannibal steps back up to him, seeming to loom over him, his presence taking up the space, the needle glinting in the light. He smirks at Will and then kneels down next to Will, eyes dark, voice amused, tinged with something Will cannot identify.

„I guess it does.“

Hannibal hesitates and then holds up the syringe, his voice almost hypnotic, reverberating in Will's mind.

„This will help you sleep a deep dreamless sleep later, Will. I will inject you now and then we will take a cab. By the time the bed is ready you will be ready to fall asleep.“

Will flicks back and forth between Hannibal's eyes, wondering at the dilated pupils, the red a thin sliver around fathomless black. He licks his lips and then takes the plunge, the words ‚What could possibly go wrong‘ flitting through his brain. He offers his right arm and Hannibal smiles at him, softly, before unbuttoning the cuff with deft fingers. He pushes the shirt back slightly, the needle hovering over Will's skin for a long moment. Hannibal raises

his eyes at Will and Will hesitates, before nodding once, jerkily, the little pinprick followed by a rush of pure bliss and Will gasps, his head dropping back. A chuckle reaches him as if from far away and then Will feels Hannibal's finger wipe off the little drop of blood from his skin, his head lolling to the side, trying to focus on Hannibal. He sees Hannibal lick the drop off with a weird expression on his face and Will frowns, the room and Hannibal's face swimming in and out of focus. He tries to form words and Hannibal raises, his face filling Will's vision, hot fingers on his neck. The amused words follow the movement of Hannibal's lips a split second after, making sense even later, the room spinning now, Hannibal's eyes burning black red.

„Thank you for giving me permission, Will. I will be sure to use it.“

Will tries to hold onto the thought that wants to rise, his tongue and body uncooperative, and then he feels like falling into the void, the world and the room and Hannibal rushing away, the receiving darkness pierced by repetitive, blinding flashes, shaking his mind, shattering his thoughts.

Will wakes in his bed, the dogs yipping and whining, a roaring headache behind his eyes, his body bathed in sweat. He pushes himself up, gasping, trying to remember, half formed flashes of -something- running through his mind. He picks up his phone, checking through the messages, trying to concentrate, finding only one from Hannibal Lecter. He types back a quick message „Yeah, got home alright, thank you for listening.“ and then drags himself to the shower, his mind numb, body aching, his back hurting like hell as if he sat in a chair all night.

He scratches his right arm absentmindedly, worrying at the little scratch there, watching the water pour down while heating up. He brushes his teeth quickly to get rid of the weirdly sweet and tart aftertaste and he frowns, trying to remember the taste but the memory eludes him and Will sighs deeply, wishing silently for a good nights sleep.

End Notes

A small note:

I firmly believe that the first time Hannibal 'did' something to Will to induce the loss of time and the 'unconventional therapy' was allowed by Will.

First off, he was not -that- sick not to be able to judge before he came apart AND it would be something distasteful in Hannibal's eyes imho.

It's part of the game for Will to allow him... The drug in his wine was only to relax him, to lower his guard further... I think that would be something Hannibal would consider a part of the play, as it is a means that is available to him. But he would not FORCE Will to take the final step.

I know there is only a -very- small difference, but (again, imho) to Hannibal, this means the world.

Kudos and comments feed my muse!
Feedback and criticism are welcome :)

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